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No. 106 Vol. III.

ONE PENNY  
Nov. 23, 1877.

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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 106.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## WON BY A NECK.

[BY LEONARD BRIGHT.]

ONE Sunday night, not so very long ago, Mrs. Massey, a young married woman, sat at her drawing-room window, gazing wistfully along the street.

Taking out her watch and seeing the time, she rose and rang the bell. "It's past ten, Jane," she said, addressing the servant girl who entered the room; "you may go to bed, and I shall get master's supper myself when he returns."

The week which had opened with that Sunday morning would be a busy and an anxious one for Mr. Massey; for one of the principal race meetings of the year was to come off on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and Mr. Massey was what is known as a sporting gentleman.

As such, he stood very near the top of the tree in Manchester, which is saying a good deal seeing that many hundreds of persons here make their living chiefly, if not wholly, by betting.

Mrs. Massey longed for her husband's return; but his continued absence did not cause her to fret. She had perfect confidence in him; she knew that with a big meeting close at hand he would not forget himself.

"Yet"—her thoughts began to run in this vein—"Jim and I do see but little of each other now. It's often late when he gets home, and when he does come early he has so much to do in making up his books, counting his gains and losses, and studying the sporting papers, that he can afford me no more than an occasional sentence or smile. How different it used to be when we sat talking together or reading the one to the other for hours upon hours! Life grows less and less lovely to me the more I know of it—"

"Does it? Then it's your own fault."

Mrs. Massey looked round, listened. There was no mistake about it. She had heard these words distinctly. Yet no one was near.

"What," she asked, trying to keep herself cool, "what was the thought that passed through my mind when this mysterious voice interrupted me? 'Life grows less and less lovely to me the more I know of it.' Yes, that was it; and it is true."

"If that be so, then your life can only end in blackness. No lives are true lives except those which become brighter and more beautiful from day to day."

She again glanced round her and peered into every corner of the room. No one was there.

"Yet," she said to herself, wishing that she had not sent Jane upstairs so soon; "yet, I heard these words—these strange bright words—replying to my own black thoughts. What can it mean? Can it be that the blessed angels of light do sometimes find it possible to whisper in the ears of human beings during the calm of a Sunday evening, when, if ever, our crosses should be forgotten and our cares hushed to rest? If so, say still more, if you are able, to cheer me, to guide me, to purify me, to strengthen me."

With that, Mr. Massey returned and was soon seated at supper.

"I'll have to be off soon in the morning, Polly," he said; "the races start on Tuesday, and I want to see as many of the horses as I can to-morrow."

"I don't see much of you now, Jim. You're often away from Manchester, and when you do happen to be at home you're too busy to think of me."

"Don't say that, Polly. You know how much I think of you. It is for you and our darling little Alice that I toil and slave as I do. My present work isn't much to my taste; but it pays, and you know we are better off than when I used to be standing behind my father's counter in Market Street."

"But neither of us is so happy now as we were then."

"Ah well, don't fret. I think I'm on the fair way of making money, and some day when I'm rich I'll gladly give up this sort of life."

"I wish you would do it now," pleaded Mrs. Massey; "the old days of sweet companionship might then return."

"I shall leave this line as soon as I can, Polly. But I think that I'm in for a big thing this week. Falstaff is the great favourite for the Plate on Wednesday. Everybody is backing him with the exception of just a few who are in the secret. It is an absolute certainty. He cannot, he will not, win. I am laying heavily against him, and I'm bound to pocket a pot of money."

"But you have been disappointed many a time before."

"There's no fear in this case. My information is of the very best kind. Falstaff is bound to lose. He'll be run to lose. I mean to lay every penny that I have in the world against him, and I shall clear at least a thousand pounds."

"Don't be rash, Jim."

"Ah! but I know what I'm about. So confident am I that Falstaff will be beat that I would advise you, Polly, to draw your £1,000 from the bank in the morning. Entrust it to me, and I'll bring it back to you with £500 in addition, on Thursday night."

"I don't want to touch the £1,000. It will be better to let it lie in the bank. We cannot tell what may happen. You may be taken away; I may be taken away—we must think of Alice."

Mr. Massey took up one of the sporting papers which were strewed all about the room.

"Nearly all the prophets say that Falstaff will win," he said, after a time. "So he should. He's a splendid animal. But his owner—a most intimate friend of my own—knows a thing or two. One hasn't a chance like this every day. I want to use my knowledge for the good both of you and Alice. That is the reason why I think you should let me have the £1,000."

"Well, Jim, do as you like, though I am not a great admirer of these short cuts in making money."

Mrs. Massey said this with a sigh. Something seemed to suggest that she had made a mistake, but she loved her husband and did not like to thwart him in anything, reasonable or unreasonable.

Next morning, about nine o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Massey took one of the 'busses from Brooks' Bar, and proceeded to the City, where arrangements were made at the bank to forward the necessary order to a bank in the town of ——— for the payment of £1,000 to Mr. James Massey on Tuesday or Wednesday.

This done, the two drove to London Road Station in a cab. They had little to say either in the cab or while waiting at the station.

"Good bye, darling; it's all right," remarked Mr. Massey, kissing his lovely little wife before getting into a first-class compartment.

"Good-bye, Jim; be careful—for your sake, and also for the sake of Alice and me."

Mrs. Massey would gladly have indulged in a good cry just then, but, pulling herself together, she refused herself that great relief till she returned home, when, throwing herself on the sofa, she let her fears have full swing for several minutes.

"I've done wrong"—such were the thoughts that whistled through her brain like the bullets from a breechloading rifle—"I've done wrong; I know I have; I've done wrong both to him and to me, but most of all to Alice. Something tells me that we're ruined. Oh! that I were dead! Alice, Alice!"

Alice, a sweet-faced, fair-haired, well-formed child of four rushed into the room in response to her mother's calls.

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"Alice, pet, you love me, don't you?" asked Mrs. Massey, pressing the child to her breast, and kissing her again and again.

"Yes, Alice loves Ma and Pa—loves them dearly, very dearly."

"Bless you, darling."

Then Mrs. Massey gazed at one spot on the carpet for two or three minutes in silence.

"Pa has gone away for some days, Alice," she resumed; "Ma is left alone; you will be a very good girl; you will not vex me; you will not leave me, Alice—will you?"

"Alice will never, never leave you, Ma," said the child, throwing her white bare arms round her mother's neck, and kissing her only as a loving little girl can kiss her mother.

Monday wore away. Tuesday came. Mrs. Massey ran through all the sporting news in that morning's papers. There could be no doubt about it. Falstaff was the favourite for the Plate next day. In the betting he stood at 2 to 1; the next to him had to be content with 4 to 1. Why, she inquired of herself, should Jim be so foolish as to lay all his money against the favourite? But he said he had the best of reasons for the course he was pursuing; and, like some wives, Mrs. Massey looked upon her husband as almost, if not altogether, infallible—at all events, as less fallible than other men.

That Tuesday night was a never-to-be-forgotten night in her experience, for never before had she sought sleep in vain all night through.

Talk of an army that is disorganised, demoralized, beaten, and pursued when each man, wearied and without leader, seeks for shelter where and how he may!

Polly Massey was in a worse plight than that. Turn where she liked, enemies—cruel, vindictive, remorseless, and armed to the teeth—opposed her and were bent on her shame, ruin, destruction. At one turn, disgrace grinned on her and hers; at another, companions jibed at her; at a third, scorn pointed his angry finger at her and laughed; at a fourth, Death received her with open arms; at a fifth, all her friends—the friends of her childhood, of her youth, and her womanhood—hissed "Serve her right!"

To rise from such a couch, even at an unearthly hour, was like passing from the haunt of demons to the home of angels.

All day she could think of nothing but the great race for the Plate, and how it would affect Jim, herself, and Alice; so, after dinner, she went into the City in order to learn the result as soon as possible from the evening papers.

For about an hour she sauntered backward and forward in Market Street, now and then glancing into the shop windows, but unable to interest herself in anything about her, not even the fashions, marvellous and incomprehensible as they were.

"Special 'dition, *Ev'nin' News*, *Ev'nin' Mail*, full account of the——Plate," at last bawled the lads, hurrying along the street, with the newspaper sheets hanging before them like pinaflores.

Mrs. Massey, trembling like a leaf, purchased one of the papers, entered a Brooks' Bar 'bus, and sat there with the special edition clasped in her hands, but afraid to turn to its inner pages.

Never did malefactor show greater reluctance to look on his death-warrant than she did to look on that copy of the *Manchester Evening Mail*.

Not, indeed, till the 'bus had gone well along the City Road had she summoned sufficient courage to face the fourth page of the paper; and there she read—or thought she read—that Falstaff had *Won by a Neck*, Submarine being second.

If she had not been a plucky little woman, she would have screamed and fainted there and then.

But she did nothing of the sort. She made certain that Falstaff was first, and Submarine second; and then she set herself, boldly and heroically, to imagine the worst.

But why lay bare all her agonies of that afternoon and night?

Just as she was preparing for bed, the front door was opened, and in stepped Mr. Massey himself.

"Well, Polly," he said, "it has been a bad day for me. I am done for. All that I have in the world is lost. But we must face it as best we can. Falstaff should not have won. He was out of the race until nearing home; but the jockey—a mere lad—told me afterwards that it would have torn his arms out of their sockets to have held him back any longer. He also said that it would not have done to rein him up when they came

near the winning post. Never mind, darling, I can meet all the claims that are against me, and then——"

"But what has brought you home to-night?"

Mrs. Massey said this in a tone to which she was not given.

"Because I knew that you would be anxious as I had so much at stake on the Plate, and also because my resources were pumped out."

"Then all is gone! So we are ruined! Poor, poor Alice!" screamed Mrs. Massey, sinking into an easy chair.

"No, not ruined," replied her husband; "my reputation is intact, thank God, and, what is more, your £1,000 is safe. Here it is."

Saying this, he placed a heavily filled purse on the table. Mrs. Massey said nothing; she seemed too bewildered to speak.

"I had a strange dream last night, Polly," he resumed; "I seldom dream, but I did dream then. I could not sleep—that is, I could not sleep soundly. I was thinking of you, of Alice, and the great race. I had made up my mind to expend the thousand pounds in betting against Falstaff to-day. But I had the fidgets about it. I didn't want to do wrong. I didn't want to risk what wasn't my own. Thought after thought came to me in my dreams. Being after being, earthly and unearthly, came to me in my dreams. At last you and Alice came. Each of you, looking so loving and beautiful, pleaded with me not to be hasty. That saved me, Polly. All the Furies here or elsewhere could not have driven me astray after that. The thousand pounds are safe. As for the rest, it is gone. Let it go! I canvassed the whole business from beginning to end last night as I had never done before. Short cuts to wealth are a mistake. I am done with them. After this, give me hard, honest work, and I am ready to face the fight on my merits as a man. I can meet my present debts, and after this I mean to keep things going by work, not by gambling."

"You are so good, Jim," said Mrs. Massey, clinging to her husband, and caressing him as is only done on critical occasions such as the one of which I tell.

"Yes, Polly," he said, returning her embraces with all the warmth of a man who knew how to prize a good wife as beyond all price; "yes, Polly, what, after all, is the loss of my money so long as I can modestly affirm that, in Wisdom, I have Won by a Neck?"

## TELEGRAPHS.

[THROUGH OUR OWN PRIVATE WIRE.]

I KNOW the news: My nerves are all so strung  
A battle can't be fought, a blackguard hung,  
A golden crown placed on a blockhead's head,  
Or e'en a happy mother brought to bed;  
In short, the joys and throes of changing earth—  
Embracing everything from birth to death,  
In deepest mine, on sea, or tented field—  
Course through my veins—so, nought from me is sealed.

## THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE'S" PATENT MEDICINE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the critical condition of its dearest, best, and only friend, the poor Turk, the *Pall Mall Gazette* contrives to turn its attention to other grave subjects at intervals. Lately, its soul has been sorely exercised over the weighty problem as to whether or not tobacco is good for fowls by way of medicine. We read:—"The cock fell into a state of complete coma, and the worst results were anticipated. As a last resource, he was dosed with a quid of tobacco, and was laid down with his head reclining near a water puddle. In about five minutes he began to drink vigorously from the puddle, still lying on his side and apparently quite blind. Ten minutes later, he lifted himself on his legs and staggered into the chicken-house, where he remained in retirement for nearly two hours, when he emerged from the shed, strutting about in perfect health in company with other fowls. Many other cases are recorded of wonderful cures effected on fowls by doses of tobacco, which should be given in large quids about the size of the first joint of a man's thumb." This is extremely entertaining. It is quite a relief to know that great and good men like the writers for the *Pall Mall Gazette* can feel for an afflicted hen or cock. We have no wish to detract from the supreme value of their great tobacco discovery; but perhaps they will allow us to tell them that butter and soft soap, also, is as good a cure for a troubled fowl as it is for a terrible Turk.

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JOHN W. CROMPTON, 80, DEANS GATE.

## UNPOPULAR SONGS—No. VII.

[BY A CABMAN.]

I'm sure that in this blessed world there's newt more aggerawatin'  
Than this here game o' drivin' cabs, and half the day a-waitin'  
Upon the stand afore yer gets a single fare to hail yer,  
And, when yer thinks "Here's 'arf-a-crown," to have another failure,  
Because the fare he only wants the vally of a shillin',  
And perhaps he even turns out such a miserable villin'  
As just to offer ninepence, 'cause he swears as how the distance  
Is not a mile, and runs yer in if yer attempts resistance.

I'm blowed if I knows why it is, but everyone's agin us;  
They seems to quite have settled as we can't have no good in us;  
They think a cabby's chief desire's to swindle and to cheat 'em;  
And so they watches for his schemes, determined to defeat 'em.  
It's no use actin' on the square, for people's all decided  
That cabmen's only swindlin' thieves, and not to be abided;  
It aint no use to argify with folk like Mrs. Prodgers,  
Whom not a hangel could convince we aint all artful dodgers.

I've got to work for fifteen hours each blessed day but Sunday,  
And then at eight I goes on stand and stops till three on Monday;  
I scarcely sees my three small kids from one week's end to 'tother,  
And hardly knows which way to tell one younker from another.  
The missis frets herself a bit because I'm never with her,  
And 'cause we can't do as we used, and go out walks together;  
I says, "It can't be helped, my dear, I'm bound to get a livin'—  
I can't get nothin' else to do, and so it's no use grievin'."

It's true I sometimes gets a day and takes the kids and missis  
A drive out in the country, and has tea, but then I misses  
A full day's pay, and so you see I can't afford it often,  
For times is gettin' precious hard and don't seem like to soften.  
I tell yer eighteen bob a week aint much to keep us goin',  
Not even with the extry three what Betsy gets for sewin';  
With meat at thirteepence a pound and bread, too, gettin' dearer,  
I don't know what we're going to do, we can't eat things no nearer.

I wouldn't mind so very much if folks was only civil,  
And weren't allus tollin' me they wished me at the devil;  
But, as I said afore, they thinks they're under obligation,  
To try and put us cabbies down, and so with this persuasion  
They growls, and swears, and runs us in for anythin' or nothin',  
And then with long and lyin' yarns the magistrates go stuffin'.  
They thinks if they can get us fined, and not a day afforded,  
To get the brads they wont come last when virtue is rewarded.

It seems to me a burnin' shame that folks should go on rantin'  
About these furrin' nigger slaves, of whom they're allus cantin';  
While here a cabby works as hard as any two black niggers—  
Though if yer talks to them of that they only laughs and sniggers.  
Of course I know they finds it pay to call these blackies brothers,  
And cry about the little kids what's taken from their mothers;  
No doubt all this is very good, but as for me I'd rather  
Just see 'em cry for cabby's kids what never sees their father.

## THE THEATRES.

MR. TOOLE this week has been playing at the Prince's in several of his old pieces, in his old manner and with his old success. On Monday and Tuesday he gave Mr. Byron's *Tottles*, a somewhat wearisome piece, which it required all Mr. Toole's power to impart any "go" to, and the well-known *Birthplace of Podgers*, where the fun made by the honest workman, who has "a hour to get his dinner," is fast and furious enough. On Wednesday and Thursday *Dot*, from Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth," in which Mr. Toole gives us his conception of the pathetic, and the *Spelling Bee*, were put on the stage. To-night Mr. Toole takes his benefit in *The Man in Possession*, which has not been played in Manchester before. Next week we are promised a return of *Pink Dominoes*, a rapid and entertaining play, which the criticism of one of the Manchester papers gave a notoriety to on their last visit.—At the Queen's this week has been presented the popular T. P. Cooke prize drama, *True to the Core*. The Australian actor, Ciprico, is announced to appear next week in the drama *Fates and Furies*.

## HEARING CANDIDATES.

[BY A DISSENTER.]

CHURCHMEN know nothing of the luxury, as they know nothing of the pain, of hearing candidates. Their pastors are chosen for them by wealthy patrons. We Dissenters, on the other hand, have to make the selection for ourselves. If there is much that is grand, there is also something that is pathetic, in the operation. When our pulpits become vacant through the resignation, removal, or death of our ministers, we begin to hear candidates from Sabbath to Sabbath, these candidates coming from all parts of the land, and being men of varied conditions and calibre. The congregation with which I chance to be connected has been engaged in this way for many months past, and we seem to be as far from a settlement as ever. Not that no good men have appeared before us, but none of them, so far, has struck as the sort of man we want. Each of the number has had some special blemish or drawback in our eyes, while the whole lot have had faults in common. All have been weighed in the balance and found wanting in devotional power. We may be wrong, but we have got it into our heads that a man who cannot pray cannot preach either. The whole bunble of them have fallen victims to the mischievous modern practice of reading only a line or two of the hymns which they give out to be sung. Now, it so happens that we are presumptuous enough to believe that a hymn which is not worthy of being read by the minister is not worthy of being sung by the people. Again, they show poor judgment in their choice of hymns, generally fixing on the dreariest, dullest, and deadest in the entire volume. A man who is a poor judge of poetry mistakes his vocation when he enters the ministry. A man without some poetry in his composition is almost sure to be cold, austere, heavy, lifeless. When there is no heart, no soul, no love in the pulpit, it would be idle to look for well-filled pews.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

Our candidates have not caught the spirit of these lines. All through the service they are formal as a bill of sale, cold as ice. When setting forth the Gospel of Salvation they are as terrible as when proclaiming the thunderings of Sinai. One would think, to look at them, that it is a sin to smile, a dark transgression to feel and seem glad. Yet they wish to become our spiritual guides! We cannot see it. When we choose a minister, we mean at the same time to choose a man—one who has the heart, the honesty, the expression, the enthusiasm of a man. An automaton in the pulpit might be all very well for a performance. But religious services should be a reality. No doubt our excellent Bishop is sorry for us. He would tell us that our system is at fault, that if we had enjoyed the patronage system of the Established Church we would have been spared all this anxiety and bother and been in possession of a minister long ere now. But then we prefer doing the thing in our own way. Though sometimes troublesome to think for ourselves, we can bear with the trouble because we value the right. Things will come all square yet. We do not quarrel with one another, we do not tear each other's eyes out, we possess our souls in patience, believing that a man to our liking will turn up some day. Surely, there must be some natural men in the ministry still—men who can pray, read, and preach as men might be expected to do, and not as ranting actors or tailors' dummies. If there be, will one of them come and get us out of our present little difficulty?

## LATEST ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

[BY PRIVATE TELEGRAPH.]

IN the event of Dr. Keenally's probable retirement from the representation of Stoke-upon-Trent it is believed that Mr. Marwood may be prevailed upon to contest the seat. Mr. Marwood would enter Parliament in a purely official character, and it is said that he sees a wide field of practical usefulness in the Senate of his country. The measures proposed by Mr. Marwood would be exclusively of an operative character, and, if they were generally accepted by the House, vacancies in Irish constituencies might be expected to occur with improved frequency.

**W. ARONSBERG**, Optician to the Royal Eye Hospital, 12, Victoria Street, Manchester.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT Mr. W. H. Houldsworth is to preside at the annual dinner of the Caledonian Association in the Albion Hotel on Friday evening.

That he will apologise for being there, the same as he apologised to the electors for coming out as a Conservative candidate for Manchester.

That the Tory wire-pullers imagine vain things when they imagine that the Scotchmen of the City will vote for Houldsworth because he is a Scotchman.

That, though Scotchmen are clannish, they cannot be caught with chaff.

That the wave of the Conservative Reaction never reached Scotland, and never shall.

That Mr. Houldsworth will explain why it is that Scotchmen, with a handful of trifling exceptions, are all Liberals.

That he will again try to convince himself that, though a Liberal, he may consent to run with Birley.

That he will point to the victory of the Marquis of Hartington at Edinburgh and Mr. Gladstone at Glasgow as proofs of the thorough Liberalism of his native land.

That, after this effort, Mr. Houldsworth will relapse into his favourite state of "repose" for the next few months.

That the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Advertiser*, and the *Daily Telegraph* are the most rabid Turkish morning papers published in London.

That, according to the *Northern Echo*, a reverend gentleman irreverently describes these journals as the World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

That the capture of Kars, on Sunday last, was a good day's work.

That the *Telegraph* says its beloved Turk, nevertheless, will never give in.

That the whole of the *Telegraph* staff is about to be sent out to reinforce the Turkish forces.

That Mr. Stanley has been recalled from Africa in order to assume the supreme command of the reinforcements from Fleet Street.

That the *Morning Post*, commenting on the fall of Kars, solemnly declares that the integrity of Turkey is the bulwark of the English Empire.

That, in that case, there is but a poor look-out for this unhappy English Empire of ours.

That Maclure offered to bet £100 to £5 that he will be a Peer before Birley is a Baronet.

That the offer was at once accepted.

That the stakes are now in the hands of the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*.

#### CLERICS IN CONFERENCE.

**I**T is not without reason that, as Bishop Fraser put it in his opening address at the Manchester Diocesan Conference on Wednesday, the world is generally agreed in considering the clerical mind as presenting the very reverse of a type of masculine thought and intelligence. The clergy generally, Dr. Fraser remarked, are said by cynics to live amidst a dense mental haze, or fog, and to amuse themselves in dreaming dreams which no other mortals ever venture to dream. By way of parenthesis, I may remark that the Bishop did not use these exact words, but readers of the newspaper reports will see whether I have misrepresented him, and they will also see that he admitted there was some truth in the accusation. Never, at any rate, was there a more complete proof of the assertions attributed by him to the cynics than was afforded by the discussion which took place during the first day. A dozen times I had to give myself a smart mental pinch in order to prove to my own satisfaction that I was really awake, and not listening, in a dream, to the wild ravings of a visionary company of "black militia." And, once satisfied of my own wakefulness, I was constrained to doubt whether the speakers drawing around me were not under the influence of some fearful nightmare which distorted their mental perception and spread a thick film before the eyes of their understanding. The chief subject of discussion was that of the relations of the Church to elementary education with special reference, as it turned out, to the action and existence of School Boards. The subject was introduced by the Rev. J. Kennedy, a Government Inspector of Schools, who made the most violent and unscrupulous attack on the School Boards that ever I heard, but who at the same time is not above earning a comfortable income by inspecting the Board Schools which he so virulently abuses, and who does not consider it inconsistent with his principles to accept employment from the Government while denouncing in unmeasured terms the work they give him to do. The discussion which followed Mr. Kennedy's paper was, with a few exceptions, supremely ridiculous. If the Conference had been armed with the power of a Star Chamber, if the fate of the whole School Board system had depended on the verdict of the majority of the members, and if the question of their existence had trembled in the balance of the Conference's opinion, they could not have adopted a more important, a more bellicose, or a more threatening tone. With the exception of one or two laymen like Mr. Hibbert, M.P., and an equal number of clerics like the Dean of Manchester, who live in the world and know it better, all the speakers talked in the most fluent and confident way of abolishing the School Board as if that were the easiest matter in the world. I say advisedly, and without any idea of being offensive to the clergy present, that any youthful debating club in the land would have laughed at the arguments put forward by the several malcontents. The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus could not have been more hopelessly at sea, when they awoke, with respect to the state of the world around them than the majority of the Conference was. It is fortunate for them that the general public is not admitted, and that their utterances only reach the public mind after being judiciously condensed by the reporter, or the world would inevitably come to the conclusion that Sydney Smith's "third sex" were in reality differently constituted from other beings, and were what we should call hopelessly demented. If it had not been that I might have been turned out for venturing to speak without being a member, I should certainly have been tempted to get up and ask those who talked so glibly of "getting rid of the School Boards" whether they were aware that these Boards are elected by the ratepayers, and that it really does not depend upon the Church whether they shall be suppressed or not. As for recognising the fact that the Nonconformist bodies are a potentiality and might have something to say with respect to the proposed suppression, no such idea seems for a moment to have occurred to any of these clerical gentlemen. I might speak in a similar strain of yesterday's discussion on the relations between Church and State if it had not occurred too late in the week to allow me to dilate upon it. One conclusion I draw from the proceedings of the Conference is this, that, after all, the ecclesiastical governors of the Church must really possess a great deal of wisdom, for, if their counsels had been followed she must long ago have ceased to exist, either as an establishment or as a Dis-establishment.

The *Bradford Observer*, in announcing the fall of Kars, opens out its article with the profound statement that "Kars has thus had one more event in a long and chequered history."

TO SMOKERS: (Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.) WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.



## SOME ART EXHIBITIONS.

MANCHESTER has usually several picture exhibitions on hand at the same time at this season of the year; but it so happens that in this particularly gloomy month, when the waning light subjects the best works to the worst ordeal, there is an unusual variety of works of art placed at the service of everyone who has a few shillings in his pocket. There is the Royal Institution still open, and the picture lover may enter and wonder why the judges gave the Heywood prize to Mr. Spencer Stanhope for his "Eve," instead of rewarding Mr. J. D. Watson for his "Yeoman's Wedding." There are good reasons, no doubt, but some of us would have liked to see honour done to one whom we may call a townsman, and not the less so because such an award would have been a slap in the face to that sapient body of Royal Academicians who refused wall space to Mr. Watson's admirable illustration of English merrymaking in the Olden Time. Besides the Royal Institution, there is, for those who can beg, borrow, or assume the right of entering the Brazennose Club, a valuable collection of the works of this self-same master gathered together from friendly owners by the loving hands of brother artists—for artists do love one another, my friends, rather more than some of us other Christians do, and are ever readier to admire the superior talents of others than you are, for instance, or I am. In that large room, which is always dim with smoke, and rarely—oh, so rarely—quiet; where you hear the best jokes and queerest stories in Manchester; where you hear sometimes the language of the Mews proceeding from followers of the Muses;—on those walls which will no more for a time, alas! echo the rollicking laughter of "him as is gone" to London to find a fulcrum for his Lever, there is nearly a complete representation of the artistic history of Mr. Watson. There are the early drawings of more than twenty years ago, full of promise long since more than fulfilled, and there are the later works, exquisite in colour and tone and drawing, and full of the choice humour and human sympathy which would have made the Limner a great poet if he had not been a great painter. Besides the Brazennose which is not for the million, for no golden key will open those portals to the uninitiated, or the unfriended by the initiated, there are yet two other minor exhibitions to be seen. There is for a day or two more Mr. Long's very powerful work, "The Egyptian Marriage Feast," at Mr. White's Gallery in Bridge Street, and while there the visitor may wander into the other galleries and wonder how it came to pass that so many curiosities came to be hung among a few good pictures. It is curious to read in a sober journal that Mr. Long's picture is now in Paris, attracting large crowds. It is certainly in Manchester at this time of writing, which we take as a proof that we are better informed than sober journals on matters of fact. There is also Messrs. Grundy and Smith's to be called at, firstly, as a favour, to ask to see some charming cartoons of F. J. Shield's, and next as a matter of duty, not perhaps altogether pleasant, to stand dutifully before Sir Noel Paton's work and be bored by solicitations for a subscription to the engraving.

Those visits paid, there is another exhibition close at hand, for Messrs. Agnew have added to the other artistic attractions of their galleries a collection of water-colour drawings, miscellaneous, as is generally the case, and we suppose must be from the fact that the Agnews provide for tastes of a very diverse order, but though miscellaneous not destitute of a few good examples of good masters. You won't see anything by J. D. Watson there; but then, happily, you will see very little of Sydney Cooper. You will not be given the opportunity of discovering under an unknown name the work of an artist of high merit; because the Agnews do not care much about unknown names, or any names but those which are associated with good prices. Picture dealing was not a system in Shakspeare's days, or he would not have asked "What's in a name?" and we should have lost pretty Juliet's passionate protestation of her love, not for a name, but for its bearer. One name there is that is seldom absent from the Agnew catalogue, and that is one we may always rejoice to see. The few works of Turner which are usually to be found there are among the chief attractions of the galleries. There are about a dozen examples, filling up the whole of one screen; and the series includes some exquisitely-finished little drawings—notably those of "Genoa," "The Rhine," and "Malmesbury;" while all necessarily possess an interest which is not to be measured by their size. There are two other separate collections which should be noticed before we refer to some of the other works. Warwick Brooks, the charming delineator of children, a Grouse in pencil, is represented here for, we believe, the first time, by twenty pretty studies and one or two drawings

in colour—merry and graceful little pictures, all of which it does one good to look at. We cannot speak with so much satisfaction of Mr. Frank Dillon's Japanese drawings. They have been highly praised in London, it is true, but it seems as though high praise is easily attainable there. The catalogue is content to express a hope that the sketches will "convey some idea of the scenery, architecture, and peculiarities of climate which render the country so attractive and interesting," and if that is the only purpose they are intended to serve, it is possible that they are successful. If, however, they challenge criticism on artistic grounds, as regards the choice of subject, as well as mode of execution, we should be obliged to express disappointment, and confess that Mr. Dillon has fallen from the position he secured by the eastern work he exhibited before going to Japan. If we are to have Japanese subjects done in Japanese style, we prefer the productions of the native artist, which are bolder in colour, if defective, according to our notions, in the technical merits. What Mr. Dillon does is to follow the mode of the native artist up to a certain point, and there he leaves it for the more academic style, which gives a stiffness to the picture, and for results we have something like a compromise in which there is no conspicuous excellence of any kind whatever.

Sir John Gilbert is represented by examples of his vigorous brush in "King Charles I., Prince Rupert, and Officers"—a work full of animation and movement, and of fine qualities of colour; and the same charm of colour, combined with admirable drawing and strongly-marked individuality of expression, is exhibited in the picture of "Louis XIV." dismissing the business of State in the apartments of Madame De Maintenon; while much of the same high quality of colour, and a good deal of humour to boot, are shown in the sketch of "Prince Henry and Falstaff in the Boar's Head Tavern." Some capital drawings of De Wint, David Cox, and William Müller—the examples of the latter two being rather memorandums for the painters themselves than pictures—attract notice, and so do the drawings of Clarkson Stanfield, Copley Fielding, S. Prout, and David Roberts. We would willingly give both the Frederick Tayler's and Faed's common-place "Jeannie Deans" for any of Keeley Halswelle's brilliant and spirited drawings of Italian life and character, especially for the street scene near the "Bridge of Sighs," or "In the Borghese Gardens, Rome." Mr. Dante Rossetti is not seen to advantage in "Monna Rosa," for though it is powerful in colour, the drawing is bad. There are also, to enumerate a few only of the most notable works, some clever drawings from T. B. Hardy, W. Hunt, T. L. Rowbotham, J. D. Harding, J. F. Lewis, F. W. Topham, Birket Foster, W. Wyld, and G. Morland. Local artists show well in the persons of Messrs. Seim Rothwell, W. Hull, Joseph Knight, George Hayes, R. Redfern, and others. This brief outline of the artistic attractions of Manchester is enough to show that there is a good day's work cut out for the picture lover if he desires to see them all.

## BLESS THOSE PRETTY EYES!

(BY THE ANTIENT PISTOL.)

I WROTE a sonnet to those eyes,  
So sweetly blue, like Southern skies;  
I swore the fringed lid—  
That soft silk lash did beauty veil,  
That made the morning star turn pale—  
Upon my word I did!

I perfumed o'er my billet dour,  
And, sealed with knot of lovers true,  
My heart beat high and quick;  
I felt that mine would be the prize,  
That sweet allusion to her eyes  
Would surely do the trick.

I met this lovely maid ere long  
To claim the tribute to my song,  
But she was cold and mute.  
"Accept, dear maid," quoth I, "my lay"—  
The muttered something she did say  
Had much the sound of "brute!"

Ah! young man, so sweetly rural,  
Why—why did you use the plural?  
You've made yourself an ass!  
One eye she has of radiance bright,  
The other orb's a lesser light,—  
It's but an orb of glass!

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## THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

[COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE BISHOP.]

KNOWING, from himself, that the Bishop of Manchester makes a point of never seeing the religious papers, and knowing, also from himself, that his Lordship would not miss reading the *Jackdaw* for the world, we think it right to let him know through our columns, now and then what the religious Press is after. Writing to the *Rock* of last week, "A Protestant Elector," hailing from our own good city, skilfully lays the following destructive torpedo:—"The Bishop of Manchester lately alluded to the *Rock*. Short-sighted man! he cannot see that the Ritualistic clergy are a thousand times more dangerous to him than your powerful and far-seeing journal. The *Rock* is always telling the bishops and the clergy that if, like John Jewell or Hugh Stowell, they would boldly take the Protestant side, they have nothing whatever to fear; but that if, on the contrary, they blindly tolerate or encourage Popery in the Church, they have nothing but calamity before them. And for this faithful testimony your journal is abused and hated by the very men whom you, Mr. Editor, are doing your best to save from destruction. It is simply deplorable to see the Primate giving his sanction to a Church Congress, and worse still to a Pan-Anglican Synod. And the Bishop of Manchester is equally to blame. We are to have a Diocesan Conference in Manchester, where the question which is agitating the Church from one end of the kingdom to the other will be entirely eschewed; that is to say, Ritualism, which is bringing ruin upon bishops and clergy alike, and which threatens to revolutionize the country, is carefully excluded from discussion in an assembly of clergy and laity expressly met to take counsel together regarding the interests of the Church. It is a significant fact that since the appointment of the bishop and his Ritualistic dean a statute of Oliver Cromwell has been set up nearly opposite the Cathedral. This might convey a salutary warning to our infatuated Church dignitaries." So, according to this "Protestant Churchman," James of Manchester, and the other Bishops, have nothing but calamity before them. We are of the same opinion. How could it be otherwise? Only fancy a statue of Oliver Cromwell being erected within sight of Manchester Cathedral! It is enough to make angels weep. Nay more, it might yet lead to another war in Heaven itself! But that is nothing. On turning to another religious paper—to wit, the *Christian Record*—what do we find? Nothing short of this, gentle reader, that another Bishop—namely, His Lordship of Winchester—has actually been speaking of the *Rock* as "that wicked *Rock*." Our private opinion is that he was not far wrong. But our estimate of the matter is nothing. The question is, what is the *Christian Herald* pleased to say? This:—"It is enough to make the stoutest heart tremble when a Bishop can thus angrily speak of almost the only cheap weekly paper which dares boldly to expose the Clerical Congress as a sham, and to demand honesty and sincerity in those immensely numerous clerics who are paid expressly to watch over the flock of Christ, and to publish to all mankind the Gospel of God's eternal salvation. The *Rock* will not wink at the hypocrisy of those Jesuits who are selling England's liberties; therefore, it is denounced as that wicked *Rock*. Alas! what are we coming to?" Echo answers, what are we coming to? In time, if things go on as now, the religious papers will devour one another. And then—we weep as we write the words—what shall we do?

## DRAMATIC REFORMERS!

THE Three Tailors of Tooley Street were a respectable body of men in their own estimation, and fully capable of managing the affairs of the nation according to their own lights, but, unfortunately, they could not see farther than the little back parlour where they held their deliberations, and so their usefulness has been impaired and their exertions laughed at by an ungrateful public. So it is with all coteries, both large and small, who in the blindness of their self-conceit try to run quixotic tilts against imaginary windmills, and fancy they are born to cure all the evils, both social and otherwise, to which flesh is heir. Another of these societies, also numbering three members, has come to light, which has laid before itself the herculean task of reforming the drama. The prime mover of the scheme is Mr. John Stewart Bogg, whose lucubration appeared in the *Manchester Examiner* of Tuesday. "Bogg!" Why, the name itself will drown the scheme. The names of the three tailors of Tooley Street have not, we believe, descended to posterity, but Bogg—why did he not

adopt an alias? However, we will not be prejudiced, but examine the scheme on its merits. The circular says that the drama is not worthily represented by many of the pieces attracting priority of attention, and that the society would endeavour, by the patronage and influence of its members, to support managers in their efforts to discard plays of questionable tendency, and substitute others not open to such objection, and by means of a literary society offer advantageous opportunities for the study of the drama. Monthly circulars would be issued to the members conveying information as to forthcoming plays. Goodness gracious! Who be these people who thus play the censor? What right have they to dictate to the public the plays they shall see and the amusements they shall practice? The whole thing is the craziest piece of silly self-conceit that this or any other generation has ever produced. How can the scheme work, even if the names are good? Is it a clique of dramatic authors, anxious to get their own pieces in the market? Surely, the only way in which a more cultivated taste can be brought about in the matter of dramatic representation is by the growth of public opinion. But are we to be dragged into compliance with the wishes of this coterie of silly enthusiasts who fancy that they have a mission? We are told there is to be a general committee and a "committee of taste," consisting of ten. Have this sanctimonious band any idea of the ridicule they will bring upon themselves? Can they fancy the rich unctuous flavour with which their names will descend to posterity as the ten wise old women of the 19th century? Then, again, several names, eminent authors and actors have been consulted, and suggestions have been made. Amongst them are the Bishop of Manchester, Monsignor Capel, Mr. Gladstone, Professor Blackie, and Canon Toole. Graciously heavens, what a list! How we should like to see the correspondence. Perhaps, the Bishop would lengthen the skirts of the ballet dancers, while Professor Blackie would shorten them. Would Mr. Gladstone reinstate the Greek chorus, and Monsignor Capel and Canon Toole resuscitate the miracle and passion plays of Germany? Why the Rev. Dr. Thomson has not been consulted passes our conception. He would have said something to the point. But let us wait. The Manchester Literary Club, it appears, have something to do with the affair; but we are cautiously told that at an interview "no opinion was expressed as to its practicability." We should think not, but a word to the wise is sufficient, and we hope the Manchester Literary Club will have enough common sense to eschew this idle dream, or it will impair all its usefulness and the members will cover themselves and the club with eternal ridicule.

## THE END OF THE WORLD.

THERE can be no doubt about it this time. Prophets and their interpreters have made a few mistakes up till to-day; but now, I am satisfied, they are on the right track. Dr. Cumming has no misgivings whatever on the matter. Lecturing in London the other evening, he said he believed that the years of Christendom were very near their issue. They had now reached a condition of things, socially and morally, of unprecedented intensity and increasing grandeur, and the end was approaching very rapidly. With regard to the restoration of the Jews, which was to precede the end of the world, Jerusalem at the present time was being wonderfully improved, and the Jews themselves were gathering towards that city. The great Mohammedan flood was fast flowing back to its source, and Turkey in Europe would soon be a Christian country. The English nation has a brilliant destiny before it. Not all the Cossacks of the Don, not all the Russians from the steppes, not all the men of France, Germany, and Austria, nor all the world combined, could crush the English if they were true to their religion and their Bible. No one reading the Bible, and marking the fulfilment in the minutest particular of the prophecies relating to the destruction of Jerusalem, could doubt that other prophecies made at the same time by our Lord as to the destruction of the world would be fulfilled, or doubt that the time of their fulfilment was near at hand. To all this we say, "quite right." Dr. Cumming is a wise man. Only, if we do not err, we think he has shrivelled up this old earth of ours on several occasions before the present one. Yet he and we are still alive and kicking.

THE convicts have proved too much for the detectives and the solicitor. After all, there is nothing like setting one thief to catch another thief.

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## BILL BROWN.

[A LAY OF A PICKPOCKET.]

BILL Brown he was a cheerful youth,  
Of twenty years or so;  
He always took a leading part  
In any little go.

A dab he was at stealing wipes,  
And purses well could prig;  
For any leg or bobby he  
Ne'er cared a paltry fig.

Expertly he could snatch a watch,  
Or collar jewellery;  
And none more neatly in the town  
Could do a burglary.

He carried on his little games  
For many a pleasant week,  
Nor reek'ned that some fine day he might  
Be hauled before the Beak.

But everything must have an end,  
As all of us know well;  
So how Bill's little games were stopp'd  
I now proceed to tell.

A busy week he'd had of it,  
In dark November weather,  
Of burglaries, through which he'd got  
A lot of swag together.

And, feeling rather tired with  
This heavy occupation,  
He thought he'd pick a pocket for  
A little relaxation.

Accordingly, he made his way  
Through crowded streets until  
He got to what the people call  
The market of Shudehill.

And here he walked about among  
The cabbage, fruit and cresses,  
And showed a deal of interest in  
Full many ladies' dresses.

At last, beside an apple stall,  
He saw a lady stout,  
To pay for something she had bought,  
A well-filled purse pull out.

He kept his eye upon the un-  
Suspecting dame, and when  
Into her pocket she put it,  
He took it out again.

With joyful hands he clutched his prize,  
And was about to leave,  
When suddenly he felt himself  
Arrested by the sleeve.

On looking round (which soon he did)  
To see who'd stopped him short,  
His eyes encountered those of stout  
Detective Davenport.

And then he saw it was no use  
To buy to run away,  
So quietly he took the road  
Which to'ards the lock-up lay.

The lock-up now, in Lloyd-street is,  
And here our friend did see  
Bold Caminada, Poole and Gill,  
And Irwin, D.C.C.

They put him in a darksome cell  
In which there was no light,  
And left him with a wooden bed  
To pass away the night.

Next morn the case was brought before  
The learned Stipendiary—  
A most judicious magistrate  
As all of us agree.

The theft was proved,  
And Headlam said—"You p'raps may think it odd,  
But I feel bound to order you  
A three months' stay in 'quod.'"

Now, up to this young Billy Brown  
Had weeping been full sore;

But when he heard his sentence, he  
Did weep not any more.

He turned him round unto his friends  
Who thronged the gallery,  
And with a cheerful smile remarked,  
He didn't "care a d—."

His friends were proud to find their chum  
Had so much spirit in him,  
While honest people prophesied  
The hangman soon would have him.

Meanwhile, young Brown went off to gaol  
To turn upon the mill,  
And if his term is not expired  
He's turning at it still.

## AN ALDERMAN'S LITTLE AMUSEMENTS.

NO one needs to be told that the duties of an Alderman or Councillor are very onerous. Municipal representatives are supposed to look after a multiplicity of matters, savoury and unsavoury, and although there are to be found ill-natured people who assert that there is more supposition than fact in the case, and that Aldermen and Councillors, as a general rule, do comparatively but little when what they do is compared with what they should do, we still cling to the belief that our municipal representatives have a great deal on their hands. This, of course, applies to all places alike, not excepting our neighbouring borough of Salford. It is a common saying, however, that some people are never satisfied, and it would appear that in Salford there is, at any rate, one Alderman who is not content to confine himself to his aldermanic labours. Mr. W. Robinson is an Alderman and also a J.P. of the borough. In addition to this he is, judging from what he said the other day, an able and energetic guardian of the peace in other than simply his magisterial capacity. A day or two since the worthy Alderman had brought before him, whilst engaged in the dispensation of justice in the borough police court, a youngster who had been guilty of the heinous offence of dragging a small coal wagon along the footpath. Now we don't defend the boy at all. The practice in which he had been indulging is one which, to our knowledge, is a source of much discomfort and inconvenience to foot passengers, and the fine which was inflicted on him—we do not remember the amount, nor does it at all matter—was, no doubt, just and merited. What interested us in the matter was the coming to light of a new trait in Mr. Robinson's character. Not satisfied with being an Alderman and a Justice of the Peace—having it in his power to properly punish naughty boys, and men and women too, when brought before him by the police—he occasionally, it would seem, descends to low life, and takes it upon himself to protect in a material manner the rights of his fellow-townsmen. In appropriate terms he reproved the small boy for his improper conduct, and remarked that he himself had driven similarly naughty boys off the pavement many a time. Now we may, perhaps, many of us, have seen some old gentleman of three-score, or thereabout, rendered irate by some rascal of a boy, threaten the young scamp with summary punishment, and possibly, walking-stick in hand, advance some few steps towards the delinquent, but we apprehend that to but few has been vouchsafed the honour of seeing an Alderman and a J.P., in the prime of life, making a raid upon little urchins in the street, and clearing them, and their coal wagons, off the footpath. Mr. Alderman Robinson did not lead us to suppose that he had ever "run in" any of the little boys and girls whom he has terrified with his aldermanic and magisterial frown and word, or we might be expected soon to see him bringing to justice persons offending him in other respects. Captain Torrens, the chief constable, was, and perhaps is still, short of men, and in his eagerness to benefit his borough Mr. Alderman Robinson might, perhaps, some day have been observed "running in," or more properly, perhaps, "walking in"—running is not in the aldermanic line—some terrible burglar or murderous wife beater. As things are, however, Salford is to be congratulated upon possessing such an energetic inhabitant, one whose name must strike terror into the hearts of many of the offending members of society.

THINGS are looking up in Manchester. The scene at the City Council on Wednesday was worthy of Tyldesley Local Board itself. The performance, it is expected will be repeated to-day—let us hope for this time only.

**WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.**

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## VOTING BY CHANCE.

THE element of chance is becoming quite an important factor in municipal government. It was only the other day that, in some place we have forgotten, the election of the Mayor was decided by the capricious Thomas Dodd. The votes for two candidates were equal, and they agreed to invoke Tommy, or in other words to "toss it off." It may be that that is as good a method of choosing a Mayor as any other. Good Mayors are born and not made, and as their birthmarks, if they have any, are not always exposed, the spinning coin is at least as safe an arbiter as a body of Town Councillors. Still, the proceeding was not altogether dignified, and it was hardly to be expected that the method would recommend itself to a Corporation so high and mighty, and so very circumspect, as that of Manchester. The idea of the Town Council or any of them deciding a vexed question by sending out to borrow Ward's tossing penny is enough to shock the whole city and make Sir Joseph Heron's hair stand erect with horror. Yet, in truth, some of our conscript fathers have been seeking an escape from a little difficulty in some such manner. They did not, as a matter of fact, toss; but they "went it blind" for all that, and allowed chance to solve a problem which they had not the courage to settle for themselves. It was in this way. The Council is bound to insert in one or more of the Manchester newspapers, in accordance with Parliamentary regulations, an advertisement of its application for powers to construct tramways, and the point to be decided was, which newspaper the advertisement should appear in. Each member of the committee present had his own preference—one wanted to do the *Guardian* a turn, another was anxious to serve the *Examiner*, and a third wished to assist the *Courier*, to whom a long advertisement comes, like heavenly blessings, rarely. The men were, one would have thought, just those who would be quick to make up their minds. If it was a wide circulation they wanted, they know exactly where to go, even if they did not give the announcement to the three newspapers; and if it was not for the largest circulation, why in the world could not one or the other make a proposal for one or the other of the journals boldly, and like a man? We ask the question, but we cannot answer it. All we know is that one member—it would be cruel to name him—suggested that the name of the journals should be written on slips of paper and placed in a hat, and that the particular name which came out first should receive the tramway advertisement. This method of evading responsibility was adopted, and as it happened the *Courier* came first out of the hat, and the *Courier* has the advertisement. The members of the committee are naturally pleased with the expedient, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of peace and comfort, that the council will be equally gratified when it comes to learn what has taken place. There can be no doubt that tossing with coins, or drawing lots, if successfully resorted to in one instance, may with great success be applied in others. If choice of newspapers, why not choice of plans, of contracts, of officers, of committees, in fact, of everything. Let us imagine a committee drawing lots to settle which design should be accepted for the new Town Hall, or tossing to decide which contractors' tenders shall be accepted, and we shall be the better able to form a notion of the wide range of ways and illimitable advantages of this new device to help an uncertain mind and failing judgment.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THERE is nothing like having more than one iron in the fire. From Blackburn a curious sort of paper issues weekly, entitled *Dick Snowdrop's Journal*. But, if we read the announcements which appear in its pages aright, the proprietor, or editor, or publisher, or Printer's Devil seeks to add to his fortune by breeding rabbits. What else can the following mean?—

## ON SALE.

A few good RABBITS constantly on sale, cheap.—Apply at the Office of this Journal.

## TO RABBIT BREEDERS.

A first-class BUCK kept for Breeding purposes.—Apply at the "Comic Journal" Office.

Some of us can call to mind the good old days when we had to go to the office of established weekly papers alike for our patent medicines and our news. But at Blackburn they would seem to have improved upon that. Perhaps the publisher of the *Comic Journal* will forward us a rabbit as a specimen. We would prefer a rabbit to a copy of his paper.

Mr. WILLIAM BIRCH, junr., says, with regard to his quarrel with the School Board and the teachers, that he is willing to let the matter now drop. We quite believe that; but the person who begins a quarrel cannot always stop it when, where, and how he likes.

Mr. J. MIDDLETON, of Failsworth, is bestirring himself in the direction of securing some suitable recognition of the public services and personal worth of the late Mr. Elijah Dixon. Writing to the *Oldham Chronicle*, Mr. Middleton says:—"His labours on behalf of freedom, his sufferings for the public benefit, and the many sacrifices which he made to advance the cause of liberty and progress, entitle him to the grateful remembrance of those who are reaping the fruit of his trials and difficulties. It may be that we who have known him, and who have been in the habit of meeting him constantly, and have witnessed the willingness with which he came forward on all occasions when he could be of service, may never forget what he has done; but we ought to seek to perpetuate his memory, so that his noble deeds may be handed down from sire to son for many generations to come. He was one of the men who have risen from a humble sphere to occupy a position in society commanding respect and esteem. Then, let all those who admire him for his work's sake unite together, and raise some suitable monument to the memory of this good man." We confidently expect to see this suggestion acted upon with promptitude and vigour. Mr. Elijah Dixon was far too excellent a man for us not to do all that we can to keep his name and his work fresh in the memory of many generations to come.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us as follows:—"I don't pretend to be a great judge of paintings and other works of art. But I know what pleases myself. Well, I have been to see the 'great' painting of 'Satan Watching the Sleep of Christ in the Wilderness of Temptation.' I won't criticise it further than to say that there is no grand conception about it. Common-place throughout, it is not worthy for a moment to be compared with some other works by Sir Noel Paton. As to the two figures, the artist represents Satan to be a much finer looking and a much more likeable, being than Christ. If the Devil is half as handsome as he is on this canvas, then, I apprehend, he is not such a bad sort of fellow after all."

BOZ AT THE FREE TRADE HALL.—In the days of the Wizard of the North the conjuror's stage glittered with golden apparatus and paraphernalia; but that sort of thing is gone, just as much as the wizard himself. Professor Anderson's properties, when at last they came to be sold, fetched, if we remember rightly, something under ten pounds, and Boz's stage machinery, if it came to the hammer, would realise perhaps sixpence, or thereabouts. Now, the properties consist of two or three spindle-legged tables and a couple of nimble hands. With these aids Boz mystifies his audience most completely. To squeeze a living canary to nothing, to produce eggs from a candle or from the mouth of an improvised assistant, bring a cart load of odds and ends from a bonnet-box, and, finally, to make a cage with a living canary in it vanish before your very eyes, these are the sort of sleight-of-hand tricks that Boz performs with marvellous neatness and dexterity. How it is all done we have not the least idea, and any of our readers who want to know must go to the Free Trade Hall and try to find it out for themselves. In the second part of the entertainment the automaton Yorick is the principal performer, and those who choose to stay for a third part may complete their bewilderment by witnessing, as far as darkness will permit, the wonders of the dark séance.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

B. T.—Whatever is suitable will be used.

"LADIES IN COURT."—Fair; but rather out of date now.

L. N.—We cannot return rejected MSS; the trouble of looking through them is great enough in all conscience.

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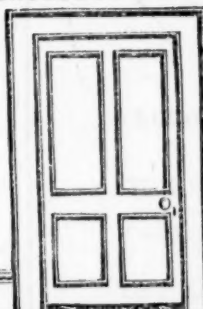
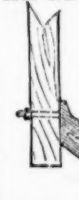
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